

The Arizona Kicker

"ALWAYS ON THE JUMP"

SPECIAL EXTRA U. S. A. SUNRISE EDITION

WHY WE LOVE OUR DOG.

THE little scrap between our fighting dog Jim and a cur from Rose Hill, which took place at the rink Wednesday night, as advertised, put \$50 more in our pocket toward the project of bringing out a Daily Kicker next year.

We own the dog as an individual and not as editor, mayor, postmaster or state senator.

HANG THE WEATHER!

The Kicker will predict no further weather predictions. We have tried it for two years and hit the nail on the head about once in forty times. Everybody can take his blamed old weather and carve it up to suit himself, and the faultfinding will not be with us.

WE ARE ALWAYS READY.

It is believed a bomb was placed in the postoffice the other night to blow up Uncle Sam's mailbag high.

At least a length of gas pipe, securely stopped at both ends, with a fuse leading to the hole in the middle, was discovered under the building and carefully taken away and buried.

Nobody went to see what would happen if that fuse was lighted.

No one need go to any great trouble to blow us up.

We are always on hand when anybody wants to shoot us, and that is the most decent way to get rid of our presence.

NO INNOVATIONS.

THE item floating around through the western papers to the effect that we have an automobile and are ambling about with it is the veriest nonsense.

A man who would run an auto through this country would be shot into scraps before he had gone ten miles.

Ice cream was introduced last summer for the first time, but the people will stand no further innovations for ten years to come.

SAW HIS MISTAKE.

We regret that we were obliged to knock Major Smallwood down in the corridor of the postoffice the other day, but as he insisted that we were running a second class postoffice we had to resent the imputation.

When he recovered from the jar he begged our pardon and invited us to drink, and he is now telling everybody that we are running a bang up A1 concern.

STILL IN THE RING.

The Lone Jack Recorder asks if we have lost our aspirations for the presidency.

We have not.

We haven't said anything for the last two or three weeks, but we have had our ear to the ground just the same.

We have started out to reach the White House, and if we fail to get there about five states in the west will go over on their beam ends and dump their population out. M. QUAD.

"Insure Your Life, Then See Me!"

HERE is a story told on Mr. Roosevelt by the New York Herald:

He received at Oyster Bay a letter filled with abuse and a check for \$15. They were from a life insurance agent. The check was "for the payment of your time in reading the letter telling you your right name."

"What shall I do with it?" asked the secretary.

"Send the check back. Tell him to sell himself a life insurance policy and come to see me personally."

Her Crowning Glory

A WOMAN'S crowning glory was

in days gone by her hat.

But now all things are upside down.

Today it is her gait.

—Yonkers Statesman.

A Subtle Suggestion

"LIVE Lobster Lyrics—that would do

As a title for your book," she said.

Alas, I fear the lady knew

Live lobsters are not red!

—Judge.

Uncle Eli's Fable The Sage And the Clam

THE Sage was walking along the seashore one day engaged in his meditations a Clam came out of the sands and exclaimed:

"Oh, Sage, I am told that you can do anything! I will state my case with the hope that you can help me. I've been a Clam more than two years, and I want a change. This salt water diet has given me indigestion, and there is no longer any fun in dodging whales and sharks. What can you do in my case?"

"I think I can fix you all right," replied the Sage. "I am going to turn you into a seagull. Meet me two mornings hence and tell me how you like flying."

He clasped his hands and called out some mysterious words, and the Clam rose in the air and sailed away. There was another meeting at the time mentioned, and the Sage found the Gull with his tail feathers gone and tears in his eyes.

"Why, what does this mean?" asked the wise man.

"It means that I have been shot at by twenty hunters. I would not be a seagull for a dollar a minute."

"I see, my friend. You shall be a Robin Redbreast and fly back into the country and be admired by the kind hearted peasants and their children. Come back here in three or four days and tell me of your great happiness."

When next they met the Robin had one wing dragging on the ground and was so lame in the left leg that he could not put his foot to the ground.

"Heigho, heigho, but what does it mean?" asked the Sage.

"As a redbreast robin I went to the country homes to do some warbling," was the reply. "I had scarcely lighted on the roof of a fine clad cottage when a peasant began throwing stones at me. Then I flew to a grove where I was being held a school picnic, and the kind hearted children threw at least a hundred stones and chunks of brick at me before I got away. I don't wish to be a robin any longer."

"I see," replied the Sage as he thoughtfully stroked his whiskers, "but I have still one good thing to offer you. You shall be changed into a man, and you will be one of the lords of creation. We will meet again, and you can tell me how you like it."

A week later, as the Sage was taking his morning stroll again, he was accosted by a man with a black eye and skinned nose and his hair all matted up, who accosted him with:

"Oh, Sage, I am that Robin Redbreast you changed into a man!"

"Yes, I recognize you now. Well, how did you make out?"

"Oh, Wise Man, the first thing that happened me as a man was to be knocked gaily west by a street car! Then I was run down by an auto. Then I was booted out of a restaurant because I had no money. Then a strange woman claimed me as her runaway husband and used me unkindly. I was arrested as a vagrant and subjected to a thousand times the trouble that a Clam has to endure. I have had enough of being somebody else. For heaven's sake, let me be a Clam again!"

MORAL.

And within an hour after being changed back into a Clam again he was dug out of the sand by a boy and was in the soup for the family dinner. When you begin to find fault with yourself there is no telling what the end will be.

M. QUAD.

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Joyful Mrs. Dolby

She Talks About Her Funeral

AS Mr. Dolby lighted his tin lantern after supper and started out to buy half a pound of Rio coffee for breakfast and call at the post-office Mrs. Dolby was in excellent spirits and had most of the dishes ready for washing. Mrs. Dolby, though, was a chronic whiner and had died on an average four times a week for the past twenty years.

Mr. Dolby was absent about thirty minutes, and when he arrived home he found her huddled in the big rocking chair, with a pillow behind her head and a camphor bottle in her hand. She took three long sniffs at the bottle and gave three long drawn sighs as he entered, but it was labor thrown away.

Mr. Dolby blew out his lantern and hung it up behind the cellar door, and, having deposited the coffee on a shelf in the pantry, he removed and hung up his coat and hat, and then, taking a circular from his pocket and putting on his glasses with great deliberation, he began to read. It was a circular regarding a new discovery in the cure of consumption, and he had not yet finished the first testimonial when Mrs. Dolby sobbed four times in succession and faintly asked:

"Samuel Dolby, do you know that your wife is dying?"

He made no reply. That testimonial from one who had been cured after his coffin had been purchased made him hold his breath.

"Yes, she is," dolefully confirmed Mrs. Dolby after several whiffs at the bottle, "and she wants to have a few last words with you. In five minutes the summons came. I had just started to wash the dishes, and I had that cracked blue platter in my hand, but I didn't give it over two wipes when the dishcloth fell to the floor with a great snap."

"When that dishcloth fell I knew that my time had come. That's the way Mrs. Glimmer and Mrs. Taylor went. Their dishcloth fell, and in twenty-four hours they were in heaven. I shall be up there by tomorrow night. Samuel, while you'll be free to stay out all night to hear the political news, I'd have died before you came home, only I wanted to talk to you a little about the funeral. Let's see; if I die tonight you'll hold the funeral day after tomorrow, won't you, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, eh, Samuel? I don't ask you to break down and sob, but you can gasp a few times and wipe your eyes and blow your nose. I'm sorry you'll have to take that long ride to the graveyard, as you could be playin' checkers or something, but I don't see how you are goin' to get out of it."

"Of course I don't care about any gravestone for myself," said Mrs. Dolby as she tried to wipe away her tears with the glass stopper of the bottle, "but if you don't put one up the neighbors will call you stingy. Git a cheap one, however. If you can git one for \$10 and trade a lot of carpet rags in I'd do it. I used to think I wanted a lot of readin' on my gravestone, but I've changed my mind. Just put that Susan Dolby expired in the forty-ninth year of her age of general disability and that she has found rest where asthma, boils, backache and rheumatism cease to trouble. You needn't say a word about makin' forty yards of rag carpet and a bar'l of soft soap last year while enjoyin' sore eyes and a boil on my arm or that I always kept catnip, smartweed and peppermint herbs in the house and was a nurse to all the neighbors."

"And there is one more thing, Samuel. I want you to take notice at the funeral of who sheds tears and who don't. It won't do me any good, of course, but you can see who loved me and who didn't. I don't expect any of the men who attend the funeral will do more than blow their noses to show their emotion, but every woman ought to sob a little at least."

Samuel, are you hearin' what I say?"

If the deacon was he made no reply, but kept his nose among the testimonials.

Half an hour went by without another word from Mrs. Dolby, and Mr. Dolby carefully looked around to see whether she had left the room or not. She had not. She had gone sound asleep, and the camphor bottle had fallen to the floor and wasted its precious contents.

"Um, um!" said the deacon as he rose up, and he wound up the clock, turned the cat outdoors and went off to bed, leaving the sleeper to sleep and wake up when the time came.

M. QUAD.

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How It Happened

FURST he missed and then he kissed her.

Her kid sister said, "Oh, mister,

Ain't you 'frail there'll be a blister

On my sister where you kissed her?"

So, as he was some persister

Grabbed her by the ear and kissed a

Warning to her to desist or

She would give her ear a twist.

AFTER which they both disengaged her.

And the man that kissed her sister

Looked, but couldn't find a blister

Where he kissed her when he missed her.

So, as he was some persister

And she was a poor resister,

He just simply up and kissed her

Out of sight of that kid sister.

—Milwaukee News.

Of No Importance

IT was in a railway carriage bound for Scotland that the

following characteristic dialogue took place between the

two occupants of a compartment:

Inquisitive Scotty—Ye'll likely be gaun tae Elie?

Reticent Englishman—No!

Inquisitive Scotty—Then ye'll be gaun tae Pittenweem?

Reticent Englishman—No!

Inquisitive Scotty—Then ye'll shair tae be gaun tae Crail?

Reticent Englishman—No!

Inquisitive Scotty—Dae ye think a care a hoot whaur ye're

gaun?—London Punch.

The Office Boy Gits Sarkastik

LOTS of good dope goes 2 waste in this here offs b'leev me,

and all b-caws the mush-heads witch rite the stuff witch

goes in 2 the paper don't no real good stuff wen they

see it. I am Hopeful Hank, the offs boy, and I no wat I'm

talkin' of. The other day in comes a classy pitcher witch

shows a movie gurl hangin' by her teeth to a bridge wile the

villain is gettin' redid

to blow the fast

express 2 kin' dum-

cum (warover that is)

with dynamite. Gee,

it wuz a thriller, and

then sum. But do u

suppose they'd print

it? Naw. They just

looked it over, luffed

kinda sarkastik like

and chuck'd it in the

basket. Sum people

never did no nothin'. Ignorance is bliss, sumbody sed wunce,

and if it is the crew witch runs this merry monthly uv movies

and melody is in the teeth heven uv joy.—Treve Collins, Jr.,

in Music and Movie Monthly.

SETTING EACH OTHER RIGHT

THE motorist in rural England had had a mishap on a flinty Norfolk road and was at the moment underneath the car executing repairs. The position is a trying one for the temper in any case, but when a Norfolk rustic came along and, after staring vacantly at the car, walked slowly

around it several times the irritation found vent. "Well, my man, don't you know what this is?" he asked sharply.

"It's a motorcar," said the "Norfolk dumpling."

"Not at all, my man," snapped the owner. "It's an automobile."

The rustic still stood staring. At last he said, "O! say, guv'nor, d'you know what this is on my shoulder?"

"It's a scythe, of course," was the reply.

"Oh, no, it ain't!" said the rustic. "It's an ought-to-mow-grass, but it wean't!"



"Oh, No, It Ain't."

Some Witty Toasts

AT a banquet of newspaper men on one occasion a publisher proposed the following witty toast: "Woman, the fairest work in all creation. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

Further, in regard to the fair sex, we have: "Woman—she needs no eulogy. She speaks for herself." "Woman, the bitter half of man."

In regard to matrimony some bachelor once gave, "Marriage, the gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted ground and returns to earth."

At the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple some wit wished them "unspeakable bliss."

At a supper given to a writer of comedies a wag said: "The writer's very good health. May he live to be as old as his jokes."

An Object of Genuine Envy

SOME un sick at yo' house, Mis' Carter?" inquired Lila. "Ab seed de doctah's kyer aroun' dar yestiddy."

"It was for my poor brother, Lila."

"Sho! What's he done got de matter of'm?"

"Nobody seems to know what the disease is. He can eat and sleep as well as ever, he stays out all day long on the veranda in the sun and seems as well as any one, but he can't do any work at all."

"He can't—yo' says he can't wuk?"

"Not a stroke."

"Law, Mis' Carter, dat ain't no disease what yo' brothe' got!"

Dat's a gift!"—Exchange.

THE Old Showman

He Improved on Nature

UP to forty years ago," said the old showman, "there was not only fierce competition between the circuses, but the people demanded something new of the menageries every year, and the show which could not furnish something that the world had never seen before was looked upon as a second class concern. I was at the head of a menagerie for several years, and I can tell you that it worried me some to fill the bill. The owner of the circus hadn't any money to buy costly curiosities and in a great measure had to depend upon taking. A five legged calf or a two headed sheep was no curiosity at all after one season."

"Just before we started out one spring the owner came to me one day and handed me a letter from the superintendent of a zoological garden. He offered to sell us a rhinoceros for \$100, but he explained at the same time that the animal had broken his horn off in a mad frenzy."

"George," said the boss, "it seems to me that there is the greatest chance you ever had for taking. Why can't you take this old rhino and make some other kind of beast out of him? If you can produce a wonderful discovery I will raise your salary \$10 per week."

"I thought it over for three or four days and then told the boss to bring the rhino on and I would do my best in the case."

"Before we began our work on the rhino I had gone out in the country looking for an old ram. I found one and paid the farmer \$5 for it. He had the greatest pair of horns you ever saw. I had him killed on the spot and brought the horns back in my buggy. While they were being cleaned and painted just the color we wanted we tied up the old rhino and bored three or four holes in the base of his broken horn. Then holes were bored in the base of the ram's horns to match."

"We gave the old rhino a week's rest, and then we were ready to astonish the world. By means of bits of steel rod we fastened the ram's horns so neatly and accurately that at a distance of five feet no living man could tell that any hocus work had been done."

"If the ram's horns had been put on the rhino's snout as they had grown on the ram it would have been queer, but we reversed them. This gave the big beast such a wild, weird look that one had to gasp with astonishment. Never before had the existence of such an animal been suspected on this earth of ours."

"We got a woodcut of what we called our 'ramorhinoceros' and sent posters along our route by the thousands. Under the picture was a letter stating that he had been discovered in central Africa and shipped to us at an expense of \$25,000,000 by a well known explorer."

"At our very first show such a crowd packed the tent of the menagerie that the circus show was given up for the afternoon. You couldn't induce man, woman or child to listen to the clown's jokes or witness the bareback riding when there was such a beast to look at as stood there before them. We kept a rope in front of the old fellow so that nobody could lay a hand on his horns, and there were signs of 'Dangerous' hung all about him."

"Say, my friends, we carried the old fellow with us for three years, and he never once was detected or even suspected. He played his part to perfection and died a natural death at last. That circus made money where others failed, and it was mostly on account of that ramorhinoceros."

M. QUAD.

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A Wild, Weird Look.

THE EVERGREEN

IN the spring a young man's fancy

Lighly turns to thoughts of love.

And in summer and in autumn

And in winter—see above.

—New York Times.

DON'T Offend Customers by Offering Them "Just as Goods"

THERE is one thing that goes far toward the winning of trade in a retail store, namely, the delivery to a customer, without any attempt at evasion or at steering him off, of exactly the article he asks for by name.

ASK yourself this question, Mr. Man - Behind - the - Counter: When you go into a store to buy something you want, and you ask for the article by name, and you know it by sight, how do you feel when the man who serves you tries to offer you a "substitute" or a "Just as Good" instead of the article you have asked him for plainly by name?

THERE is probably no thing that provokes the average man more than to try to force upon him a substitute instead of the article he asks for. He feels his own intelligence is being insulted. He thinks the proprietor of the store is trying to make an extra profit out of him. He believes the proprietor has instructed the salesman to sell, if possible, an inferior article which carries a larger profit for the dealer than the article which he asks for.

HE MAKES up his mind that he will never enter that store again, and will tell his friends to avoid it.

DEALERS can always win trade by giving customers what they ask for.

"Get What You Ask For"

NATIONAL ANTISUBSTITUTION LEAGUE, Philadelphia